

A M E L I A

T O

M A L L A M O U R.

A N

E P I S T L E.

Translated from the Original G R E E K.

*Let Wretches, loaded hard with Guilt, as I am,
Bow with the Weight and groan beneath the Burden,
Creep with the Remnant of the Strength they've left
Before the Footstool of that Heav'n they've injur'd.*

O T W A Y.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLER, near St. Paul's.
M D C C X L V I.

Vet. A4 e. 757(8)

ARGUMENT.

AMELIA and MALLAMOUR after having for some Time entertain'd a criminal and incestuous Passion for each other, were at last discover'd by her Husband: Upon which he flying to the Isle of Rhodes, and she confin'd to a Retirement, which she calls Leonia, after a few Weeks Absence writes him the following Epistle full of her Guilt and Love,





AMELIA

TO

MALLAMOUR, &c.

READ o'er these Lines, the Records of my
Woes,

And think, a Tear, for ev'ry Accent flows ;

AMELIA writes, can MALLAMOUR deny

To sooth her Sorrows with one tender Sigh ?

Can'st thou forget the melting Vows you made, 5

When oft we sported in the secret Shade :

4 AMELIA TO MALLAMOUR.

Can'st thou forget thy various Arts to move
My Bosom to admit thy guilty Love?

When lowly prostrate at my Feet you lay,

And chac'd my Rage, my Innocence, away. 10

Heart-rending Thought! unpity'd doom'd to mourn,
I curse the impious Flame in which I burn :

Oh hapless Fate! To lonely Scenes confin'd,

Where Guilt in dreadful Forms, torments my Mind.

Silent and sad! I pass the live-long Day, 15

To Grief and sharp Remorse a wretched Prey.

When Night returns, I seek for rest in vain,

And taste an Earnest of eternal Pain.

BUT hence, ye Winds far off these Horrors bear,
Far from my Heart, for Love still triumphs there. 20

Nor can AMELIA's Sorrows want Relief,

Still has she one, that knows and shares her Grief.

And

AMELIA to MALLANDOUR.

And may that dear one ever faithful prove,
Sigh for her Sighs, and pay her Love for Loved;
Ye sacred Pow'r assist and aid my Pray'r!

But hold——can Heav'n the Vows of Incest hear?

Ah no! In vain my eager Hands I spread,
Heav'n frowns, and Vengeance threaten's o'er my
Head.

Hark! the loud Tempest rises o'er the Sky;
Quick thro' the Fields of Air the Lightnings fly;

Above the Clouds the dreadful Thunder rolls,
And gloomy Torrents pour from both the Poles.

Fall down ye Rocks and form a dark Abode
To hide AMELIA from the angry God!

Thou King of Terrors hear my last Request, 35
To me, array'd in welcome Horrors, haste:

Blast ev'ry Charm, deform each blooming Grace,
That once adorn'd the lost AMELIA's Face;

Come

6 AMELIA to MALLAMOUR.

Come thou, in Night these Eyes for ever close,
In long Oblivion let me lose my Woes ; 40
Lose Life and Love, be free'd from black Despair,
Sink to the Grave——and Sleep for ever there.

ALAS! in vain AMELIA sheds these Tears,
Nor Earth, nor Heav'n, nor Hell, her Sorrow hears :
Hated, despis'd, neglected and alone, 45
Not ev'n my MALLAMOUR regards my Moan !
For Oh ! I fear when rolling Ocean parts,
And distant Realms divide the Lover's Hearts,
Too soon, I fear, Mankind forget their Vows,
And Falshood, nurs'd by Absence, quickly grows : 50
Oh should my MALLAMOUR his Love forget,
Then, and then only, were my Woes compleat :
Too true my Fears ! Too plain my Fate I see !
He scorns to think, or write, or speak to me ;

Why

AMELIA to MALLAMOUR. 7

Why did I not, false Man, some Pledge receive 55
 Of Truth, since first you crost your Kindred Wave ?
 How have I sigh'd and wrote ? Without one Friend,
 By whom secure my secret Thoughts to send ;
 And still these Lines my glowing Passion feed ;
 Tho' hopeless e'er to come, where thou shalt read : 60
 Has then th' inconstant * Region chang'd thy Heart ?
 Or hast thou felt some more prevailing Dart ?
 Perhaps some witless Maid returns thy Flame,
 The same your Passions, and your Crimes the same.
 Suppose the brightest of her Sex were thine, 65
 What Nymph will clasp thee with a Love like mine ?
 Perhaps you have not yet full Pow'r obtain'd,
 As yet thy flatt'ring Vows by her disdain'd ;
 You seek, the Faith you twice have broke, to give,
 To sigh, to swear, to win, and to deceive. 70

* *Rhodes*, where *Mallamour* then was, is famous for being inhabited by a very fickle Nation.

8 AMELIA TO MALLAMOUR

Not such my Heart; o'erwhelm'd with pressing care,
Taught by my Suff'rings to inhabit there,

Amid *Leonia's* silent Shades I walk,

And still to thee, tho' far remote, I talk ;

Of on the Margin of some gentle Stream, 75

In love-tun'd Notes I mourn my hapless Flame :

Thou winding Brook, that o'er these Pebbles strays,

Can'st witness if I cease the moving Lays ;

Has not my Breast in raging Madness glow'd ?

Have not my Verse and Tears together flow'd ? 80

Upon your grassy Bank as oft I sate,

Indulg'd my Grief and sung my wretched Fate,

Say, did you not in deeper Murmurs flow,

And seem'd to bear a Sympathy of Woe ?

Sweet Echo catch'd the melancholy Strain, 85

And waving Elms sigh'd o'er my Sighs again.

Such

AMELIA TO MALLANQUA.

Such rural Harmony attends her Strains,
When the sad Turtle for her Mate complains:
Like me she seeks the solitary Grove,
Like me she mourns the Absence of her Love: 90
From her, I learn my Passion to express,
And with her Woes I sooth my own Distress,
(For sure 'tis Joy to Love oppress'd by Care
To find an Heart that bears an equal Share)
From her I learn to mollify my Grief, 95
With her at last in Death I'll seek Relief.
Yes, I'm resolv'd e'er these weak Lines you
read,
In Roman Strictness shall AMELIA bleed;
Death, only Death, my Mis'ry can relieve,
And this last Present to my Love I give. 100

TO AMELIA IN MALLAMOUR

THUS strives the Silver Swan, with dying
Strains,

Amid the Willows to delude her Pains,

On slow *Meander's* lonely Margin lies,

Bemoans her Fate, and as she sings, she dies.

STILL, still I love, I strive to hate in vain, 105

Thy dear Idea rules my Heart again ;

For tho' with tears my Fate I oft deplore,

And call thee false, alas ! I love the more ;

Each Wish, each Thought my rising Flames im-

prove,

I curse, I rage,—I melt, and then I love. 110

Oh come once more to thy AMELIA's Arms,

There revel, and despise the Worlds Alarms,

In

AMELIA TO MALLAMOUR. II

In vain shall Age exalt the Joys above,

What Heav'n has Raptures, like the Heav'n of

Love?

In vain cold Sages strive that Bliss to blast, 115

And curse the Nectar which they cannot taste,

Come then, thou dear Deluder, to my Breast,

Melt into Love, and sink in balmy Rest:

Lock'd in each other's Arms, no more we'll part,

But catch soft Murmurs heaving from the Heart: 120

'Till, quite dissolv'd in vast luxuriant Joy,

We close the Rapture with a mutual Sigh.

Y E T, shalt thou come where Woes forever wound?

To her, that spreads contagious Ruin round?

Oh no, far hence the flying Vessel steer, 125

Far hence! For Blood and Ruin waits thee here;

12 AMELIA TO MALLAMOUR.

See here an injur'd Brother groaning stand
While Grief and Rage by turns his Soul com-
mand,

Now heaves his Bosom with a Lover's Sighs,
And now, just Vengeance sparkles in his Eyes, 130

O fly, my MALLAMOUR, thro' distant Seas,

Nor turn thee, tho' undone AMELIA prays:

Alas! A Grief-born Frenzy turns my Brain;

I think, and write, and speak,——and live in
vain;

Meer empty Air from Reason's Fetters free, 135

Is ev'ry Sentence I direct to thee;

How could I tell thee rapt'rous Joys were here

Amid the gloomy Dwellings of Despair?

How could I call thee here to seek for Rest?

A fiercer Scylla roars within my Breast. 140

Thus

Thus when his Nets the wily Fowler spreads,

The artless Warbler sings among the Threads :

His Mate at Distance sees her Lord confin'd ;

And to the Cage impatient skims the Wind :

Still as she flies, he forms th' alluring tone, 145

Nor thinks he calls her there, to be undone.

How blest is she, who in some silent Cell,

Defies each tempting Blandishment of Hell :

To whom the Joys of humble Peace are given,

Forgot on Earth to be belov'd in Heaven ; 150

Where spotless Innocence adorns the Soul,

Calm and serene the easy Minutes roll,

Each candid Thought from transient Pomp re-
fin'd,

Confers immortal Sun-shine on the Mind ;

Thus

14 AMELIA TO MALLAMOUR.

Thus can she live (nor feels but soft Decays) 155

Her Nights in Slumbers, and in Peace her Days.

FAR other Hours are those AMELIA knows,

From her sad Eyes incessant Sorrow flows;

Her guilty Flame still rises to her View,

Nor weeps she for her past Offence, but you. 160

Or should a penitential Dawn arise,

She thinks on MALLAMOUR and quick it flies.

Fate has impos'd on me a lasting Chain,

I strive to break it, but I strive in vain:

This weak Resistance, but inflames my Breast, 165

That Fire burns brightest, where 'tis most op-

prest.

So, where *Arachne* lays her filken Wiles,

The flutt'ring Insect tangles in her Toils,

And

AMELIA TO MALLAMOUR. 17

And while he strives to free himself in vain,
He sinks still deeper and is caught again. 170

O n curst for ever be that fatal Day,

When first you stole me from myself away,

Heav'n's Pardon Wretches, lost like me, implore,

For Heav'n has Mercies to an endless Store ;

Then shall I bend to Heav'n the lowly Knee? 175

Ah no ! The Sun surveys no Wretch like me ;

Nor can I hope that any Pow'r should hear,

When black Ingratitude prefers her Pray'r.

O where are Truth and Faith for ever gone ?

Fled to their native Skies, for Earth has none : 180

Trust not, mistaken Men, a Woman's Vows,

Her Art, but not her Truth in them she shows :

Trust not, tho' she the Pow'rs of Heav'n invoke,

What Oath so sacred but AMELIA broke !

Ungrateful

16 AMELIA 10 MALLAMOUR.

Ungrateful Wretch! No Act, no length of Time, 189

No Pray'rs, nor Tears, can expiate thy Crime;

Be thou (so Heav'n decrees) from Joy debar'd,

Expect eternal Woe thy just Reward:

O dreadful Justice! Now each Hope is past,

Doom'd to a Life, that must for ever last. 190

Alas! My Horrors with each Hour increase,

I seek in Death, but Death denies me, Peace:

Vainly I thought that Death, like Sleep, should

calm

Our Sorrows, and our Souls in Rest embalm;

Vainly indeed, untutor'd by Despair, 195

My Fancy ne'er could form what Dreams were

there;

But groan and tremble, taught by what I feel,

Of Pain immortal, now convinc'd too well.

And

AMELIA 20 MALLAMOUR. 17

And thou, who oft hast fill'd my warm Embrace,
Too fond of Falshood smiling on my Face; 200
Why did not you, when cloy'd, that Flame dis-
miss?

Why did you love, where Heav'n deny'd you Bliss?
Too gen'rous Man! Thy Worth exalts my Sin,
My Tears flow faster when I think on thine;
Heav'ns! has he not o'er me with Rapture hung? 205
And in soft transport melted as I sung?

Has not he lov'd — Oh cruel Conscience cease,
No more undone AMELIA's Pangs increase;
Sleep, Sin-born Phantom, sleep, unwelcome Guest,

Nor rouse th' accurst Idea in my Breast. 210

Mirth, Musick, jocund Converse waste the Day,

And chase my Conscience and my Care away!

Mirth, sweet Physician, joyous Strains excite,

And fill each Line with Rapture while I write;

G

Musick

Musick can all th' Attempts of Guilt controul, 215

And to soft Slumbers lull the tortur'd Soul.

IN vain ! no Numbers can divert Despair,

No Mirth relieve the Mind o'ercome by Care ;

I fly to lonely Scenes, sequester'd Shades,

Where no all-chearing light the Gloom invades, 220

I seek for Paths by human Steps untrod,

Dark Solitudes, the Bird of Night's abode ;

Where impious War some sacred Dome profan'd,

Where with Blood tinctur'd Marks the Walls are
stain'd ;

Where bubbling' mongst the Graves a Riv'let flows, 225

And clasping Ivy round the Ruin grows :

Some Tomb perhaps (vain pomp !) among the
Dead,

In awful Melancholy rears its Head ;

While

AMELIA TO MALLAMOUR. 19

While dusky Night-shade Shrouds the mossy Pile,
And ling'ring Show'rs from frowning Clouds
distill : 230

Here oft I sit, revolving Woes to come,
And all the Prospect minds me of my Doom ;
When in the Bed of Death AMELIA lies,
And Life still faintly shines upon her Eyes ;
When pale and cold these Lips, too warm before, 235
And this love-heaving Heart shall burn no more,
When all these transient Charms are on the wing,
Oh MALLAMOUR thy gentle Succour bring :
Let me at length within thy Arms reclin'd,
Forget the Agony that racks my Mind : 240
There, tho' too well I know that Heav'n disdains
My Vows, and Earth takes Pleasure in my Pains,

There,

30 AMELIA'S MALLAMOUR.

There, ev'n in Death for thee each Thought should
And ling'ring Show'rs from heav'n should
My Heart should burst with Wishes for my Love,
Each dying Groan a Blessing should convey, 245
And Sighs to Heav'n for thee direct their Way,
Then should this last sad Sentence close my Eyes,
AMELIA liv'd for thee, for thee she dies.

F I N I S.



